

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME I.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1851.

NUMBER 23.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

13 PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.
TERMS.—Payment in Advance.
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00.	1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00.	1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00.	1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

H. G. SMITH, Blacksmith. All kinds of work
in my line done to order, and no trust for pay.
Shop south of C. B. Albee's Tannery, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

M. B. HOPKINS, Attorney and Counsellor at
Law and Solicitor in Chancery. Office on the
south side of Washington street, third door west
of the Washington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

H. MERRILL, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders promp-
tly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

FERRY & SONS, Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber.
Water Street, Grand Haven.
WM. M. FERRY, Jr., }
THOS. W. FERRY. } WM. M. FERRY.

R. W. DUNCAN, Attorney at Law, will attend
promptly to collecting and all other professional
business intrusted to his care. Office over H.
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,
Grand Haven, Mich.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forward-
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Mich.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fancy
Dry Goods, Ready-made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provisions;
manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Gro-
ceries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOYER.
The proprietor has the most Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL, HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
RON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House, Sign and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's
Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

For the Grand River Times.
WINTER.

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."
Thus sung the poet long ago,
In winter's season drear.
But winter with its veiling snows
Is not so sad to see;
For though it has its stormy winds,
It hath its charms for me.

Give me the cheerful fire at night,
The circle at its side;
The children's merry laugh and glee,
The father's look of pride;
As smiling with a heart of love,
He looks upon us all,
And deems his home the happiest place
Upon this earthly ball.

And then there is that mother too;
How smilingly she looks
Upon her children at their play,
Or busied at their books.
I would not change that mother's smile
Beside our homely hearth
For all the warmth of summer skies,
Or all the pomp of earth.

And when the storm is loud without
And fills the air with snows,
Then there's the pleasant parlor fire
And chatting with the beau;
Besides, the party and the ride
And holidays so dear—
O, I could well enjoy myself
With winter all the year.

Grand Haven.

THETA.

A FARM-YARD SKETCH.

On a calm summer morning a peacock stood
spreading his feathers in the sun. Near him a
lake lay sleeping in motionless transparency.—
He walked toward it with conscious pride, and
bending himself over the brink, sometimes gaz-
ed at his gorgeous plumage in the mirror, and
sometimes turned back his eyes, to examine the
play of green and gold upon his back. The
simple inhabitants of a neighboring farm-yard
stood off at a respectful distance, awe-struck
with his grandeur. The hens cackled to each
other; the geese huddled together, poked out
their long necks and hissed; and even chantie-
leer, although generally on capital terms with
himself, rather lowered his crest, and lifted his
yellow feet with less of lordly majesty as he
marched among his companions, who no longer
paid him their accustomed attention. At this
extorted acknowledgement of his superior splen-
dor, heavens! how the peacock swelled!

"Certainly," said he, "I am without an equal.
How mean these poor, wretched creatures ap-
pear by my side. How magnificently beautiful
I am. What golden tinges chase each other
across my feathers. How superbly my tail re-
flects the light. It is full of eyes which abso-
lutely rival the sun himself. When I look a-
round, what is there to compare with me?"

A rose, which was blooming near, over-
heard this ignorant soliloquy, and thus address-
ed him:

"Pray, Mr. Peacock, do not be offended, but I
think I can show you a bird, not only your equal
but so far your superior, that before man would
allow one of the race to be destroyed, he would
behold you and all your vain flaunting relations
exterminated."

"I always thought, madam Rose," replied the
peacock, "that you were a decent sort of person
and had one or two tolerable colors in you—that is, for a mere rose; but I cannot give you
credit for much wisdom. And so sure am I of
being considered of more value than any which
you can possibly bring, that I fearlessly chal-
lenge you and all the world to produce my rival."

"This very afternoon," said the rose, "and
before the assembled creatures of the earth and
air; they shall pronounce upon your respective
merits."

"I will come an hour before sunset," replied
the peacock, spreading his superb tail, and toss-
ing his head affectingly. "I appear to more ad-
vantage, the greater the light; good morning
madam Rose. What a fool is this ridiculous red
flower," he continued in a lower voice, as he
strutted away, "and so conceited, too. Bah! how
I hate conceited people."

The hour for the trial came. The setting sun
filled the woods with golden light; lengthened
shadows lay on the soft green meadows. The
bee hummed lazily along the drooping flowers,
as if tired of their day's wanderings; the crows
went winging their way over the tree tops to
their nests; the fish hawk had made his last
plunge in the lake, and was bearing his prey to-
wards the high dry tree—everything told of the
closing day.

The peacock spread his tail and entered the
arena where he was to await the expected rival.
He found all the beasts, poultry, etc., of the
neighborhood assembled. The geese came in
single file, headed by a sage old fellow, a kind
of philosopher, who led the procession with grave
dignity. The hens brought their dear little chick-
ens, with their wee bit voices; the ducks wad-
dled to their places, and quacked "how do you
do" to their neighbors, the geese. The horses,
who had been let loose in the adjoining field,
cantered up, tossing their heads in the air, kick-
ing out their heels, and neighing cheerfully to
their friends and fellow-citizens. The ass shook
his ears with much self-complacency, and trot-
ted after. An old black sheep sprang over a
fence, and was immediately followed by about a
hundred others, who leaped over in the same
place. The cows walked out of the pond and
took their stations, lashing themselves with their
tails, and chewing the cud; no animal like your
cow for gravity and patience. A great filthy
hog, who had been wallowing in the mire, came
in grunting, and thrusting himself into compa-
ny where he was not wanted; but he got a
good seat, because everybody feared to come in
contact with him. The swallows skimmed
down from their nests under the eaves of the
barn, and seated themselves in a row on the rail
fence. The turkeys came in late, grumbling and
gobbling. They thought the whole concern
rather ridiculous; they were as good as the pea-
cock any day—"some people make such a fuss
about nothing." A beautiful robin came hop-
ping up and flew into a branch of a cherry-tree,
with a sweet and plaintive cry; while a fierce
little bantam rooster pushed his way in among
the horses, squatted off at a turkey seven times

as large as himself, and at length reached an ex-
cellent place, where he sat, with the air of one
who thinks himself as good as most people.

When the company were seated, the rose,
who had called the meeting, in a brief and grace-
ful address, explained the wager which had been
laid between the peacock and herself.

"My friends," said the peacock, in a scream-
ing, discordant voice, which made the robin
flutter to a more distant seat, "I am nearly over-
come with diffidence at appearing thus in public.
Nothing but duty and self-respect could have
driven me to such an extremity; but as the rep-
resentative of a large class of society, I feel
bound to assert our claims to your attention.—
Look at me, my friends; examine those feath-
ers, the rainbow tinges that melt into each other
on my breast; the brilliant hues brightening
up for ever and dying away: the radiance that
seems to float around me, which certainly excels
in superb beauty even the vivid bow of heaven.
The rose, who is a nice sort of a person, to be
sure, but without taste, and not a little prejudic-
ed against nature's more choice productions"—
(here the peacock unfolded his tail, and accident-
ally cast his eyes upon the ass, who, supposing
the remark an oblique compliment to himself,
held up his head higher, gave a gentle bray of
approbation, and continued to listen with im-
perturbable gravity—"the rose has proffered to bring
before you a bird more valuable than myself.—
I appeal to my person, and challenge competi-
tion."

"The peacock then walked round in a circle.
"What a stately gait!" said the goose.
"What a sweet voice!" said the ass.

"I shall now produce your rival, Master Pea-
cock," said the rose, in a sweet voice, and with
something of a deeper shade of crimson passing
over her soft face. She nodded her head, and a
strange bird, who had not before been at all
observed among the crowd, stepped forth, and
stood in silence before the rose-bush. His plain
appearance excited some whispering—there was
a good deal of cackling and smirking among
the old hens, at the idea of such a small, insigni-
ficant-looking creature daring to present him-
self on such an occasion. The most influential
goose gave a downright hiss, whereupon all the
other geese stretched out their sagacious heads
and hissed also; while a guinea-hen uttered a
peevish, discontented cry. Nothing, however,
could exceed the irrepressible mirth of the roo-
ster, who gave a right hearty crow of derision,
unless it was the wise misdeed of the ass, who
first looked down contemptuously on the lit-
tle aspirant, then laughed aloud, and conclud-
ed by nodding his head and long ears to his
neighbors, and winking his left eye with a know-
ing look, as much as to say, "stand by now, and
we shall have some fun."

After the peacock had remained silent for a
moment swelling and strutting, and exhibiting
himself to his admirers, like a militia colonel on
parade, he asked the rose, with a sneer, if she
intended to "insult the audience by such a mis-
erable jest?"

The rose was going to reply, when the ass who
always puts himself forward on these occasions,
and attempts to lead the rest of the meeting,
rose and made a short address.

"My friends," he said, "I can no longer sup-
press my feelings of indignation at the insult
offered to the excellent, tender-hearted, and am-
iable peacock, by this brazen-faced rose. Let
me ask you gentlemen who and what is this
rose? What has she done? What use is she
of? Who ever heard her voice in the wood, as
mine is heard, and the peacock's, animating
nature, and soothing all that have ears to hear,
and hearts to feel? The rose is a stupid senseless
flower so conscious of her own insignificance,
that she dare not show herself in the pathway
where we tread. Look at the blush of shame
when even now rises to her cheeks—look at
her feebleness, her uselessness, her idleness;
for my part, I always hated her, and preferred
the noble sunflower, which lifts its yellow head
in yonder field. Now, let me ask the rose how
she dare collect us (whose time is important)
together, for the purpose of judging between the
merits of yon small, paltry, brown bird, that we
should never think of looking at twice, and this
gay and splendid creature, which is the admiration
of myself and all other cognoscenti, indeed, of
the known world."

"I must remind the learned gentleman," said
the rose, in a low and touching tone, "that there
are other means of gaining fame beside appear-
ance. That the dress of the peacock is more
bright, striking, and gaudy than that of the night-
ingale, I am willing to allow; but dress does
not make the man. The nightingale rests his
hope of your approbation upon higher qualities.
Nature has given him a most extraordinary power
of touching the soul; and I think this must
rank him higher in the scale of creation than the
peacock."

"Oh, ho!" said the ass, you mean his sing-
ing. I have been often disturbed by his voice
in the night, although I never before had the
honor of seeing the vocalist. What!" he con-
tinued, "this is the fellow, is it, that keeps us a-
wake? Well, hark ye, my little chap, give us a
touch of your quality; be short, do you hear?
for our time is precious, and important to the
commonwealth."

The nightingale was about to commence, when
the peacock broke in:

"I also," said he, "have cultivated my voice,
and aspire to some skill in melody."
"Right," said the ass, "and the nightingale is
nothing to you."

The little bantam who had perched upon the
top of an old chestnut rail, came out with a sud-
den laugh, and slapped his sides with his wings
at this assertion, but the ass, regarding him
with a grave, rebuking expression, said:

"I would have you to know, sir, that if there
is anything on which I really pique myself, it is
being a correct judge of music. In that I'll yield
to nobody. But hush! that divine creature is
going to sing."

The peacock favored them with a song, than
which nothing could be more harsh, discordant,
and altogether execrable.

"Very fine—delicious!" said the ass, nodding
his head: "now, let the nightingale beat that if
he can."

An old hen, who had been scratching gravel
at a little distance declared that she "never knew
what music was before."

An innocent little lamb, who loved the night-
ingale, cried "bah!" but the ass pricked up his
ears and shouted, "turn him out!" in such a sten-
torian voice, that the poor young thing was
frightened half to death.

"Order, order!" said the cow.

Order being obtained, a gush of melody burst
from the throat of the nightingale, which instan-
tly hushed every other sound. Sometimes it
melted into plaintive sweetness, and sometimes,
burst forth like an impulse of love; but the pre-
vailing character was tenderness and melan-
choly, so inexpressibly sweet and touching, that
after it had died away, a deep silence hung over
the crowd, as if every one were waiting and
wishing for it to commence again. The applause
which ensued manifested clearly the triumph of
the rose and nightingale. The geese, who had
been asleep, each on one leg, with his head be-
hind his wing, were awakened by the clamour,
and scudded across the road, after having assent-
ed to the ass, who, before he trotted off, shook
his ears with a wise look, and said:

"It is really astonishing how the public allow
themselves to be led away."

CURIOSITIES OF WATER.—The Edinburgh
Quarterly Review is the most able foreign Jour-
nal, scientifically devoted to reviewing works of
science, especially chemical works. From it
we select the following beautiful extract on
water:

"Nor is the hailstone less soluble in earth
than in air. Placed under a bell-glass with
twice its weight of lime, it gradually melts and
disappears; and there remain four parts instead
of three, of perfectly dry earth under the glass.
Of a plaster of Paris statue, weighing five
pounds, more than one good pound is solidified
water. Even the precious opal is but a mass
of flint and water, combined in the proportion
of nine grains of the earthly ingredient to one
of the fluid. Of an acre of clay land a foot
deep, weighing about one thousand two hun-
dred tons, at least four hundred tons are
water; and, even of the great mountain chains
with which the globe is ribbed, many millions of
tons are water solidified in earth.

Water, indeed, exists around us to an extent
under conditions which escape the notice of
casual observers. When dyers buy of the dry
salter one hundred pounds each of alum, car-
bonate of soda, and soap, he obtains, in ex-
change for his money, no less than forty-five
pounds of water in the first lot, sixty-four
pounds in the second, and a variable quantity,
sometimes amounting to seventy-three and a
half pounds in the third. Even the transparent
air we breathe contains, in ordinary weather,
about five grains of water diffused through each
cubic foot of its bulk, and this rarified water no
more wets the air than the solidified water wets
the lime or opal in which it is absorbed.

SEARCH OUT THE POOR.—WINTER IS AT HAND.
—They who have comfortable homes, with the
pecuniary means to gratify their desires can con-
template without a single sigh, the delight of
the fireside and the gaily attendant upon the
proximate season. The ball, the hop, the so-
cial party are to be enjoyed; places of amuse-
ment to be liberally patronized; and thousands
of dollars expended for entertainments which
frequently confer no substantial good. But
while much gold and silver will be thus scat-
tered, there will, as heretofore, be indescribable
suffering among the extremely poor—the house-
less, the hungry, the naked, the helpless—whose
hearts can be made to rejoice only by the gen-
tle influence of charity, or love—its true signifi-
cance.

Amid worldly selfishness, it is a pleasing re-
flection that there are persons interested in the
good work of relieving the distressed. But the
laborers are few and the field extensive.—
"Be ye fed and be ye clothed," will not suffice;
therefore, in view of winter and all its rigors,
it is reasonable to suppose that the benevolent
will at once redouble their zeal, and prepare the
means indispensable to act more efficiently than
ever, in their heaven-blessed and heaven requir-
ed work.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—The following ex-
tract is taken from Nott's address to young men.
It is a gem of surpassing brilliancy and beauty:
"I would frown on vice, I would favor virtue
—favor whatever would elevate, would exalt,
would adorn character, and alleviate the mis-
eries of my species, or contribute to render the
world I inhabited, like the heavens to which I
looked, a place of innocence and felicity. Tho'
I were to exist no longer than those ephemera
that sport in the beams of the summer's morn,
I would rather soar with the eagle and leave
the record of my flight and my fall among the
stars, than to creep the gutter with the reptile,
and bed my memory and my body together in
the dunghill. However short my part I would
act it well, that I might surrender my existence
without disgrace and without compunction."

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher uses "great plain-
ness of speech," in alluding to the proneness of
the public to lavish large sums of money on
popular amusements. In a recent lecture he
says:

"Men love to be taxed for their lusts; there
is an open exchequer for licentiousness, and for
giddy pleasure. We grow suddenly saving,
when benevolence asks alms, or justice duns for
debts; we dole a pittance to suppliant creditors,
to be rid of their clamor. But let the divine
Fanny, with evolutions extremely efficacious up-
on the feelings, fire the enthusiasm of a whole
Theatre of men, whose applause rise—as she
does; let this courageous dancer, almost liter-
ally true to nature, display her adventurous feats
before a thousand men, and the very miser will
turn spendthrift; the land which will not pay
its honest creditor, will enrich a strolling dan-
sense, and rain down upon the stage a stream
of golden boxes, or golden coin, wreaths and rosy
billet doux."

Bury not your faculties in the sepulchre of
idleness.

NEW TOMB FOR A HORSE.—A Parisian pen
proposes the following English event for histo-
ry:—

At the recent races at Ascot, the famous horse
Tiberius broke his leg by bounding against one
of the posts of the barrier while preparing for
the race. His owner, Lord Milbank, lost ten
thousand pounds in bets upon him, beside his
value; and others lost heavily—the law of the
course being that all lost bets shall be paid,
whether the failure to win come from accident
or less speed.

Three days afterward, Lord Milbank gave a
very sumptuous dinner. The most distinguish-
ed of the English Peerage was present, and the
conviviality ran high. Toward the close the no-
ble host arose in his place, and proposed to drink
to the departed Tiberius. It was clamorously
received, but the speaker remained standing, with
his glass in his hand.

"We drink to Tiberius," said Lord Milbank,
when the shouts subsided, "the most beautiful,
the most admirable, the most spirited courser
whose hoofs ever trod British turf."

Shouts again rose to the roof.

"You know," continued his Lordship, the a-
chievements of this horse. His deeds belong to
history. Fame has taken charge of his glory.
But it belonged to me—and to you, my lords
and gentlemen—to do honor to his mortal re-
mains! I wished that this lofty courser should
have a burial worthy of his deservings. He has
it. My cook has fitly prepared him, and you
have feasted on him to-day. Yes, my lords and
gentlemen! this meat which you have relished
so keenly—these dishes which awakened such
inquiry as to what animal could be so delicious
—it was Tiberius. My noble courser reposes in
your stomachs! May your digestions be light!

At these words, the enthusiasm concentrated
for a moment—possibly with some vague tho't
of an immediate resurrection—but, with a sud-
den burst of burrahs, the idea took the turn of
a sublimity, and another flowing bumper sent to
join the departed in his metempsychosis.
[Home Journal.]

BALLOON EXCURSION BY MOONLIGHT.—A re-
cent Paris paper gives an entertaining log-book
of an aerial voyage recently performed by M.
Eugene Godard and half a dozen companions,
on a brilliant moon light night. M. Godard was
endeavoring to demonstrate his ability to steer
the atmospheric ship as conveniently as one rid-
ing on the water, and appears to have suc-
ceeded to a charm. He passed from one point
of Paris and its environs to another, picking
up his passengers, and stated, when he finally
arose, to what points in the department he pro-
posed to travel, and fulfilled his promises with
wonderful exactness. When passing over Cli-
chy, at an immense height, the scene is described
as one of fairy-like beauty. The moon was
on the horizon, the heavens entirely free from
cloud or vapor, glittered with stars; and below,
the different streets and boulevards of Paris
were distinctly portrayed in long lines of light.
At those gongias of the city, the Place de la
Concorde, the Palais National, &c., the effect of
the gas lamps was to produce an atmosphere
dazzlingly phosphorescent, and perfectly magi-
cal in its intense coloring; and the elevated
towers of Notre Dame, the columns and domes,
stood out in dark relief from the glaring ground.
After voyaging for some hours, the balloon de-
scended at Garges, and the party traveled cosily
and safely upon terra firma back to the city.
[Scientific American.]

ORATORY.—"Mr. President, I shall not re-
main silent, sir, while I have a voice that is not
dumb in this assembly. The gentleman, sir,
cannot expostulate this matter to any future
time that is more suitable than now. He may
talk, sir, of the Herculean revolutions, where
republics are hurled into arctic regions, and the
works of centuries refrigerated to ashes—but,
sir, we can tell him indefinitely, that the con-
sequences therefrom, multiplied subteraneously
by the everlasting principle contended for
thereby, can no more shake this resolution than
can the roar of Niagara rejuvenate around these
walls, or the howl of the midnight tempest con-
flagrate this marble statue into ice!"

COTTON MILLS.—The annual products of all
the cotton mills in the United States, is stated
to be 250,000,000 yards, and the consumption
of cotton 600,000 bales; 100,000 bales of which
are consumed south of the Potomac, and in the
Western States. The value of the amount of
cotton when manufactured, is supposed to be
upwards of sixty-seven millions.

WINE OF WILD ORANGES.—Orange wine is
a new curiosity introduced in the New Orleans
market. It is made of the juice of the wild
or sour orange, which abounds in almost every
plantation in the State, but has hitherto been
regarded as a useless product.

An Englishman observed a stone roll down a
staircase. It bumped on every stair till it came
to the bottom; there, of course, it rested.—
"That stone," said he, "resembles the national
debt of my country; it has bumped on every
grade of the community, but its weight rests
on the lowest grade."

Men are like bugles; the more brass they
contain, the further you can hear them. Ladies
are like violets; the more modest and retiring
they appear, the better you love them.

At a concert recently, at the conclusion of
the song, "There's a good time coming," a coun-
try farmer got up and exclaimed: "Mister, you
couldn't fix the date, could you?"

Buffoonery is the corruption of wit as knave-
ry is of wisdom.

Add not trouble to the grief-worn heart.
Affliction is at best a deformity.

Brave actions are the substance of life and
good sayings the ornament of it.

Better to suffer without cause than to have
cause for suffering.

To study men is more useful than to study
books.

Equity is the bond of human society.

None but fools believe in dreams.